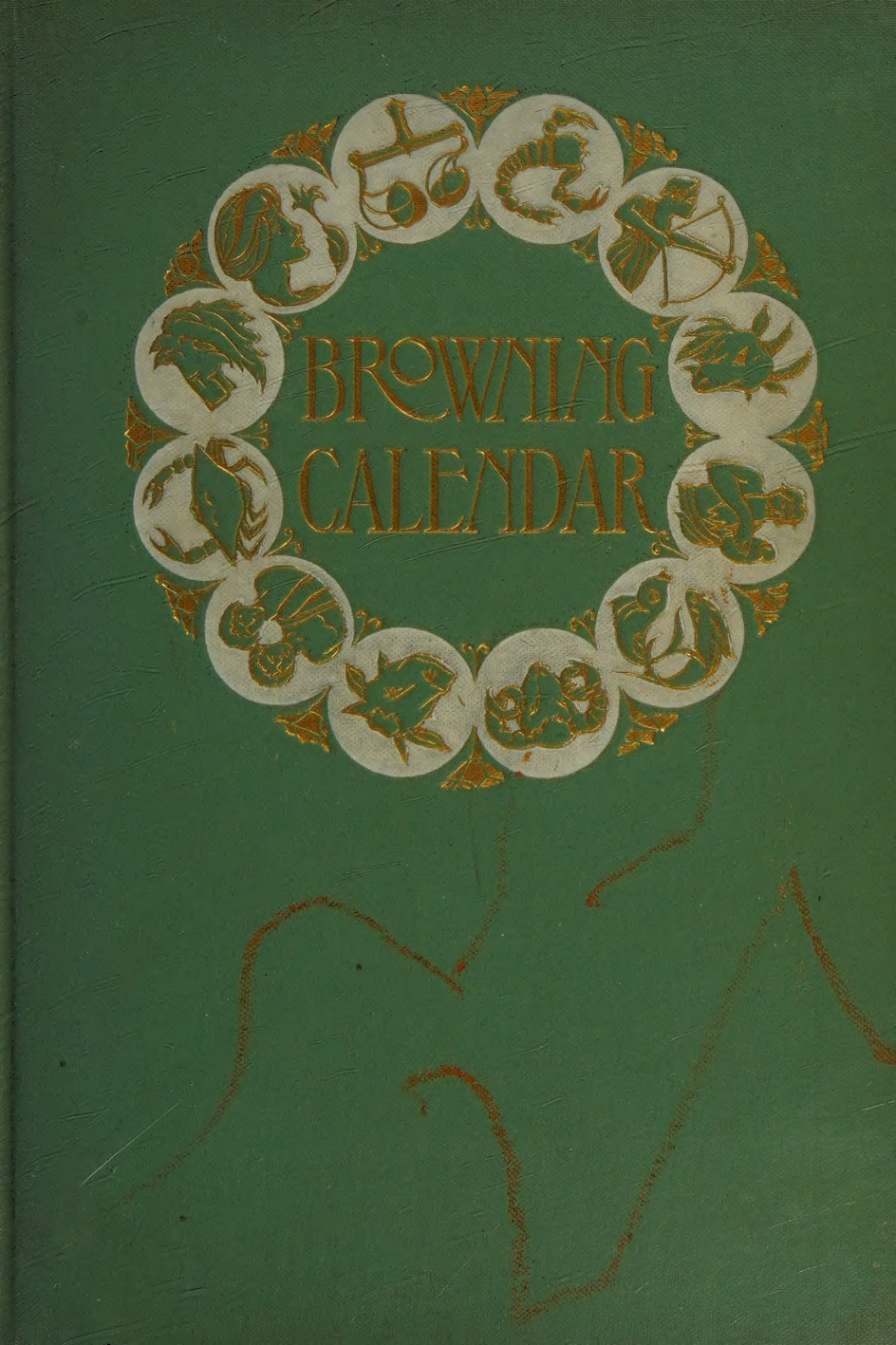
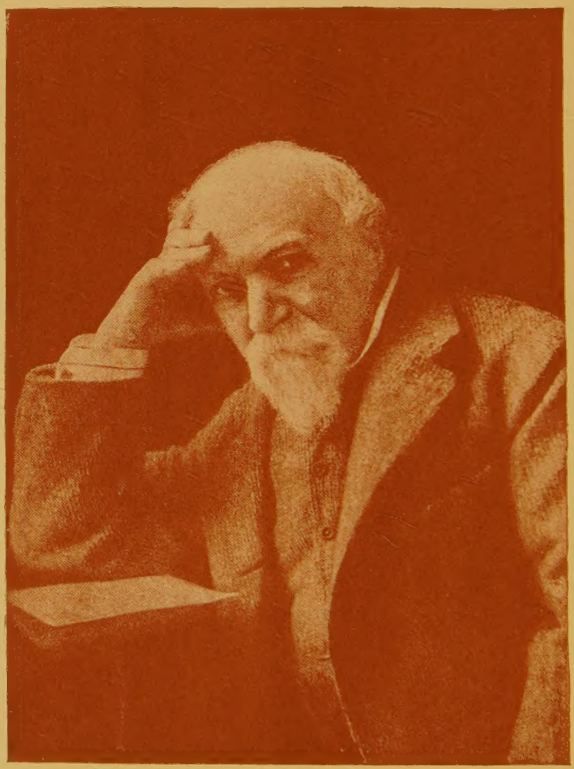
BROWNING CALENDAR



A BROWNING CALENDAR



A BROWNING CALENDAR

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JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

THEN life is — to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

REVERIE

JANUARY SECOND

It was eve,
The second of the year, and oh so cold!
Ever and anon there flittered through the air
A snow-flake, and a scanty couch of snow
Crusted the grass-walk and the garden-mould.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JANUARY THIRD

Nine days o' the Birth-Feast did I pause and pray
To enter into no temptation more.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JANUARY FOURTH

Be love your light and trust your guide.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JANUARY FIFTH

Let earth's old life once more enmesh us.

ASOLANDO

JANUARY SIXTH

So did the star rise, soon to lead my step,
Lead on, nor pause before it should stand still
Above the House o' the Babe.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JANUARY SEVENTH

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what 's a heaven for?

ANDREA DEL SARTO

JANUARY EIGHTH

God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted — hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it, what help is left?

DRAMATIC IDYLS

JANUARY NINTH

My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

JANUARY TENTH

Have people time and patience
Nowadays for thoughts in rhyme?

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

JANUARY ELEVENTH

Work truly done should balance happiness
Fully enjoyed.

A FORGIVENESS

JANUARY TWELFTH

Govern for the many first,
The poor must needs be many, all mouths and eyes:
But the few, better favoured in the main,
Be patient, not presume on privilege.

PRINCE METTERNICH-WINNEBURG

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Love should be absolute love,
Faith is in fulness or naught.

JOCASTA

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Passion and self-conversion, formulæ,
Impunity and utter worthlessness.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Ah, but the best
Somehow eludes us ever, will might be,
And is not.

SORDELLO

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee for ill or good.
Reap this life's success or failure! Soon shall things be unperplexed
And the right and wrong, now tangled, lie unravelled in the next.

LA SAISIAZ

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Look up, advance! All now is possible,
Fact's grandeur, no false dreaming!

LURIA

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Be a man!
Bear thine own burden, never think to thrust
Thy fate upon another.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

JANUARY TWENTIETH

Act by the present life!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Who 's alive?
Our men scarce seem in earnest now.
Distinguished names! — but 't is, somehow,
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children.

WARING

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

GOLD HAIR

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Good, to forgive;
Best, to forget!

LA SAISIAZ

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

PIPPA PASSES

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "Oh heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love.
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

AN EPISTLE

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

One of God's large ones.

SORDELLO

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me his child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances every one
To the minutest.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Doing the King's work all the dim day long.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Prison-roof shall break one day and Heaven beam
o'erhead.

THE INN ALBUM

JANUARY THIRTIETH

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.

AT THE "MERMAID"

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Life is probation and the earth no goal
But starting point of man.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

REJOICE that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

FEBRUARY SECOND

Praise and glory of white womanhood.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

FEBRUARY THIRD

Man should be humble; you are very proud:
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such!

PARACELSUS

FEBRUARY FOURTH

While small birds said to themselves
What should soon be actual song.

WARING

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Too much love there can never be.

CHRISTMAS EVE

FEBRUARY SIXTH

So sage and certain, frank and free,
About what 's under lock and key —
Man's soul!

DRAMATIC IDYLS

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Mankind is ignorant, and man am I!
Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Life 's a little thing!
Such as it is, then, pass life pleasantly
From day to night, nor once grieve all the while!

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

FEBRUARY NINTH

Men should, for love's sake, in love's strength believe.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

FEBRUARY TENTH

Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be bold!
Whom Summer made friends of, let Winter estrange!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

How thanklessly you view things! There the root
Of the evil, source of the entire mistake:
You see no worth i' the world, nature and life,
Unless we change what is to what may be.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Love was the startling thing, the new:
Love was the all-sufficient too;
And seeing that, you see the rest.

CHRISTMAS EVE

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live
So long as God please, and just how God please.
He even seeketh not to please God more
(Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.

AN EPISTLE

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

For Spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and water-cresses.

YOUTH AND ART

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Man is not God but hath God's end to serve,
A master to obey, a course to take,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become?
Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

And since I am but man, I dare not do God's work
Until assured I see with God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Life means — learning to abhor
The false, and love the true, truth
Treasured snatch by snatch.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,
Keep that foot its lady primness,
Let those ankles never swerve
From their exquisite reserve.

PIPPA PASSES

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

I know thee, who hast kept my path, and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy.

PARACELSUS

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.

IN A BALCONY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Faith is my waking life:
One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals,
We know, but waking 's the main point with us.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

God, whom I praise; how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on his ways?

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Such a spirit
Shall hold the path from which our staunchest broke;
Stand firm where every famed precursor fell.

LURIA

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end!
How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up!

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Faith
That, some far day, were found
Ripeness in things now rathe,
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,
Renewal born out of scathe.

REVERIE

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

As man,
With a man's will, when I say "I intend,"
I can intend up to a certain point,
No farther.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?
Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
More joy and most joy,—do man good again.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

So, life can boast its day, like leap-year,
Stolen from death!

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

MARCH

MARCH FIRST

GIVE yourself, excluding aught beside,
To the day's task.

SORDELLO

MARCH SECOND

Truth remains true, the fault 's in the prover.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MARCH THIRD

In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm.

PIPPA PASSES

MARCH FOURTH

A warm March day, just that!
Just so much sunshine as the cottage child
Basks in delighted, while the cottager
Takes off his bonnet, as he ceases work,
To catch the more of it.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

MARCH FIFTH

Be sure that God ne'er dooms to waste the strength
He deigns impart.

PARACELSUS

MARCH SIXTH

Be all the earth a wilderness,
Only let me go on, go on,
Still hoping, ever and anon,
To reach on eve the better land.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MARCH SEVENTH

Oh, life! life-breath!
Life-blood! ere sleep come
Travail, life ere death.

SORDELLO

MARCH EIGHTH

Henceforth I asked God counsel, not mankind.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH NINTH

The morn when first it thunders in March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

MARCH TENTH

Oh what a dawn of day!
How the March sun feels like May!
All is blue again,
After last night's rain,
And the South dries the hawthorn-spray.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

MARCH ELEVENTH

Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,
The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,
Where small birds reel and winds take their delight!
Water is beautiful, but not like air.

PAULINE

MARCH TWELFTH

Best love of all is God's.

PIPPA PASSES

MARCH THIRTEENTH

Commend me to home-joy, the family-board, altar,
and hearth.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH FOURTEENTH

Most progress is most failure.

CLEON

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Winter 's in wane. His vengeful worst art thou,
To dash the boldness of advancing March.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH SIXTEENTH

The chivalry
That dares the right, and
Disregards alike the "Yea"
And "Nay" o' the world.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Man is born nowise to content himself, but please
God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

The woods were long austere with snow: at last
Pink leaflets budded on the beech, and fast
Larches, scattered through pine-tree solitudes,
. . . Grew young again
To placid incantations.

SORDELLO

MARCH NINETEENTH

He thought I could not properly forgive, unless I
ceased
Forgetting, which is true.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH TWENTIETH

God has conceded two sights to a man —
One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan;
The other, of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness.

SORDELLO

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days?

ABT VOGLER

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

Ivy and violet, what do ye here,
With blossom and shoot in the warm Spring weather?

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Sky laughs blue, earth blossoms youthfully.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists.
The more of doubt, the stronger faith I say,
If faith o'ercomes doubt.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Lily of a maiden, white with impact leaf,
Guessed through the sheaf that saved it from the sun.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

My God, my God, let me for once look on thee!
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.
I do not plead my rapture in thy works
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die: but there is that in me
Which turns to thee, which loves or which should love.

PAULINE

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Put pain from out the world, what room were left
For thanks to God, for love to Man?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Oft have I been keeping lonely watch with thee
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less,
Or dying with thee on the lonely Cross.

PAULINE

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Too much love! how could God love so?

EASTER-DAY

MARCH THIRTIETH

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow
The Master's lips a-glow!

RABBI BEN EZRA

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Only the Cross at end of all.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

APRIL

APRIL FIRST

SOUL that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

LA SAISIAZ

APRIL SECOND

But Easter-Day breaks!
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite.

EASTER-DAY

APRIL THIRD

'T was Winter yesterday; now, all is warmth,
The green leaf 's springing and the turtle's voice,
"Arise and come away!"

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

APRIL FOURTH

'T is time new hopes should animate the world,
New light should dawn from new revealings
To a race, weighed down so long, forgotten so long!

PARACELSUS

APRIL FIFTH

Robin has built on the apple tree, and our
Creeper which came to grief
Through the frost, we feared, is twining
Round each casement in famous leaf.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

APRIL SIXTH

Spring 's come and Summer 's coming.

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL SEVENTH

When shy buds venture out,
And the air by mild degrees
Puts Winter's death past doubt.

REVERIE

APRIL EIGHTH

Man's work is to labour and leaven —
As best he may — earth here with heaven.

PACCHIAROTTO

APRIL NINTH

How of the field's fortune? That concerned our
Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left
and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards:
fight!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

APRIL TENTH

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing
That 's spirit.

PACCHIAROTTO

APRIL ELEVENTH

How April snowed white blossoms!

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL TWELFTH

The tell-tale cuckoo: Spring 's his confidant,
And he lets out her April purposes!

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL THIRTEENTH

A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell.

IN A BALCONY

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Cowslips, abundant birth
O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard too.

EPILOGUE
[TO PACCHIAROTTO]

APRIL FIFTEENTH

It had got half through April.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Knowledge means
Ever renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

Here 's the Spring back or close,
When the almond-blossom blows.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Oh, to be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

APRIL NINETEENTH

O the rare Spring-time!

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

APRIL TWENTIETH

Is it better in May, I ask you? You 've Summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.

UP AT A VILLA

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Men are not angels, neither are they brutes.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

So force is sorrow, and each sorrow force.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

And — consequent upon the learning how from strife
Grew peace — from evil — good came knowledge that, to get
Acquaintance with the way o' the world, we must nor fret
Nor fume, on altitudes of self-sufficiency,
But bid a frank farewell to what — we think — should be,
And, with as good a grace, welcome what is — we find.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Neither the wind-blasts always have their strength
Nor happy men keep happy to the end:
Since all things change — their natures part in twain;
And that man 's bravest, therefore, who hopes on,
Hopes ever: to despair is coward-like.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Man must be fed with angels' food.

PARACELSUS

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

The thing wanted, soon or late, will be supplied.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

To me, at least, was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleeplike eyes.

PAULINE

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

'T will be, I feel,
Only in moments that the duty 's seen
As palpably as now: the months, the years
Of painful indistinctness are to come.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

APRIL THIRTIETH

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man 's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet — both tug —
He 's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
Never leave growing till the life to come!

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

MAY

MAY FIRST

THIS May breaks all to bud. No Winter now.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY SECOND

Such a starved bank of moss!
Till that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

MAY THIRD

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

MAY FOURTH

"I sleep out disappointment."
"Come along, never lose heart!"

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

MAY FIFTH

Hill and dale
And steel-bright thread of stream, a-smoke with mist,
A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift
O' the sun-touched dew.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY SIXTH

And here's May-month, all bloom,
All bounty.

EPILOGUE
[TO PACCHIAROTTO]

MAY SEVENTH

He at least believed in soul, was very sure of God.

LA SAISIAZ

MAY EIGHTH

The great elm-tree in the open, posed
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY NINTH

This May—what magic weather!

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE

MAY TENTH

Who speaks of man, then, must not sever
Man's very elements from man.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MAY ELEVENTH

What is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,
From the gift looking to the giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity?

CHRISTMAS EVE

MAY TWELFTH

There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.
So, for their sake, be May still May!

MAY AND DEATH

MAY THIRTEENTH

God is, they are, man partly is and wholly hopes
to be.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

MAY FOURTEENTH

God . . . glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours.

LURIA

MAY FIFTEENTH

So high the sun rides. May 's the merry month.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY SIXTEENTH

The frost is over and gone;
The South-wind laughs.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY SEVENTEENTH

Love once, and you love always.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY EIGHTEENTH

Your reward or soon, or late,
Will come from him, whom no man serves in vain.

PARACELSUS

MAY NINETEENTH

Ay, here!
Here is earth's noblest, nobly garlanded —
Her bravest champion with his well-won prize —
Her best achievement.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTIETH

The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn:
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world!

PIPPA PASSES

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

My part is plain —
To meet and match the gift and gift
With love and love, with praise and praise.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Why live except for love?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

For mankind springs salvation by each hindrance interposed.

SORDELLO

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

'T was a sunrise of blossoming May.

SORDELLO

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

May's warm slow yellow moonlit nights!

PIPPA PASSES

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

God plants us where we grow.
It is not that because a bud is born
At a wild briar's end, full in the wild beast's way,
We ought to pluck and put it out of reach on the oak tree-top.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

I profess no other share
In the selection of my lot than this—
My ready answer to the will of God,
Who summons me to be his organ.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

That May-morning, we two stole
Under the green ascent of sycamores.

PIPPA PASSES

MAY THIRTIETH

Here is Spring!
The sun shines as he shone at Adam's fall.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

On the sea and at the Hague, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter
through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

HERVÉ RIEL

JUNE

JUNE FIRST

SOMETIMES when the weather
Is blue, and warm waves tempt
To free oneself of tether,
And try a life exempt
From worldly noise.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

JUNE SECOND

Well for those who live through June!
Great noontides, thunderstorms, all glaring pomps
That triumph at the heels of June the god
Leading his revel through our leafy world.

PIPPA PASSES

JUNE THIRD

Bind June lilies into sheaves to deck the bridge-side chapel.

SORDELLO

JUNE FOURTH

It is our trust that there is yet another world to mend all error and mischance.

PARACELSUS

JUNE FIFTH

God told him that it was June, and he knew well without such telling, that harebells grew in June.

PARACELSUS

JUNE SIXTH

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.

PARACELSUS

JUNE SEVENTH

June's twice June since she breathed it with me;
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall!
—Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

GARDEN FANCIES

JUNE EIGHTH

It was roses, roses, all the way.

THE PATRIOT

JUNE NINTH

Birth-blush of the briar-rose,
Mist-bloom of the hedge-sloe.

FLUTE-MUSIC

JUNE TENTH

You 'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
  Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
  From seeds of April's sowing.

PIPPA PASSES

JUNE ELEVENTH

God who registers the cup
  Of mere cold water, for his sake
To a disciple rendered up,
  Disdains not his own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered.

CHRISTMAS EVE

JUNE TWELFTH

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's love in its unworldliness.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

JUNE THIRTEENTH

Why stay we on the earth except to grow?

CLEON

JUNE FOURTEENTH

Lights and shades, murmurs and silences,
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness,—squirrel, bee and
  bird.

THE INN ALBUM

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Breathe but one breath,
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

JOCOSERIA

JUNE SIXTEENTH

Flower that 's full-blown tempts the butterfly,
Not that flower that 's furled.

LA SAISIAZ

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

Ah, the bird-like fluting
Through the ash-tops yonder—
Bullfinch-bubblings, soft sounds suiting
What sweet thoughts, I wonder?

FLUTE-MUSIC

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Indeed the especial marking of the man
Is prone submission to the heavenly will.

AN EPISTLE

JUNE NINETEENTH

O the old wall here! How I could pass
Life in a long midsummer day,
My feet confined to a plot of grass,
My eyes from a wall not once away!

PACCHIAROTTO

JUNE TWENTIETH

Life and song should away from heart to heart.

PACCHIAROTTO

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

But who clothes Summer, who is life itself?
God, that created all things, can renew!

PARACELSUS

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

A broiling blasting June, — was never its like, men say.
Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees looked yellow as that;
Ponds lay drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foaming around each flat.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Came the clear voice of the cloistered ones,
Chanting a chant made for midsummer nights.
I know not what particular praise of God;
It always came and went with June.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

Thou with the soul that never can take rest,
Thou born to do, undo, and do again, and never to be still.

LURIA

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

So we battled it like men,
Not boylike sulked or whined.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

I would love infinitely, and be loved.

PARACELSUS

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Earth's rose is a bud that 's checked or grows
As beams may encourage or blasts oppose.

REPHAN

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Oh lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire!
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

Hill, vale, tree, flower — they stand distinct,
Nature to know and name.

ASOLANDO

JUNE THIRTIETH

He would not look so joyous — I'll believe
His very eye would never sparkle thus,
Had I not prayed for him this long, long while.

STRAFFORD

JULY

JULY FIRST

IS it for nothing we grow old and weak,
We whom God loves?

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

JULY SECOND

Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—
No quality o' the finelier tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its likeness; rather, stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.

MR. SLUDGE, THE MEDIUM

JULY THIRD

Such ever was love's way: to rise, it stoops.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

JULY FOURTH

Reap joy where sorrow was intended grow,
Of wrong make right, and turn ill good below!

SORDELLO

JULY FIFTH

True life is only love, love only bliss.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY SIXTH

'T is July, strong now, and white dust-clouds overwhelm the woodside.

SORDELLO

JULY SEVENTH

Man's part
Is plain, — to send love forth, — astray, perhaps:
No matter, he has done his part.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JULY EIGHTH

Love, give love, ask only love and leave the rest.

IN A BALCONY

JULY NINTH

God smiles as he has always smiled.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA

JULY TENTH

Amid the noise of a July noon
When all God's creatures crave their boon,
All at once and all in tune.

WARING

JULY ELEVENTH

Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was naught above me, naught below,
My childhood had not learned to know:

For, what are the voices of birds
— Ay, and of beasts, — but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?

PIPPA PASSES

JULY TWELFTH

To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JULY THIRTEENTH

Love, hope, fear, faith, — these make humanity,
These are its sign and note and character.

PARACELSUS

JULY FOURTEENTH

Be patient, mark and mend!

DÎS ALITER VISUM

JULY FIFTEENTH

Life's i' the tempest;
Thought clothes the keen hill-top;
Mid-day woods are fraught with fervour.

SORDELLO

JULY SIXTEENTH

You never know what life means till you die;
Even through life, it's death that makes life live —
Gives it whatever the significance.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY SEVENTEENTH

There 's a woman like a dew-drop, she 's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart 's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith 's the surest:
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble:
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble!

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

JULY EIGHTEENTH

Though he is so bright, and we so dim,
We are made in his image to witness him.

CHRISTMAS EVE

JULY NINETEENTH

All pain must be to work some good in the end.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY TWENTIETH

Why repine? there 's always someone lives although ourselves be dead.

LA SAISIAZ

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Abundant air to breathe, sufficient sun to feel!

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

God! Thou art mind! Unto the master-mind
Mind should be precious.

PARACELSUS

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

Calm sits Caution, rapt with heavenward eye, a true confessor's gaze.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Little and bad exist, are natural,
Then let me know them and be twice as great.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

Let each task present
Its petty good to thee. Waste not thy gifts
In profitless waiting for the gods' descent.

PARACELSUS

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

You know how weak the strongest women are.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

RABBI BEN EZRA

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

All men hope, and see their hopes frustrate, and grieve awhile, and hope anew.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear?
In the good and true
With the changing year?

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

JULY THIRTIETH

What though I sink, another may succeed.

PARACELSUS

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Is this we live on heaven and the final state, or earth, which means probation to the end?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

FOR life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

AUGUST SECOND

Who breaks law, breaks pact, therefore helps himself
To pleasure and profits, over and above the due.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST THIRD

Every man of the right race bears what at least the gods inflict, nor shrinks.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

AUGUST FOURTH

We find great things are made of little things,
And things go lessening till at last
Comes God behind them.

MR. SLUDGE, THE MEDIUM

AUGUST FIFTH

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

RABBI BEN EZRA

AUGUST SIXTH

Could I retain one strain of all the psalm
Of the angels, one word of the fiat of God!

PARACELSUS

AUGUST SEVENTH

When a man 's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure.

THE GLOVE

AUGUST EIGHTH

Take away love and our earth is a tomb.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

AUGUST NINTH

We try and cull
Briars, thistles, from our private plot,
To mar God's ground where thorns are not.

CHRISTMAS EVE

AUGUST TENTH

God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST ELEVENTH

I thirst for truth, but shall not reach it till I reach the source.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST TWELFTH

Only be sure thy daily life,
In its peace or in its strife,
Never shall be unobserved.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

He holds on firmly to some thread of life—
(It is the life to lead perforcedly)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life.

AN EPISTLE

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Innocence often looks like guiltiness.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Songs, Spring thought perfection,
Summer criticises:
What in May escaped detection,
August, past surprises,
Notes, and names each blunder.

FLUTE-MUSIC

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

We women hate a debt, as men a gift.

IN A BALCONY

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

There shall never be one lost good! what was, shall
live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so
much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a
perfect round.

ABT VOGLER

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

I say that man was made to grow, not stop;
That help, he needed once, and needs no more,
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn:
For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

AUGUST NINETEENTH

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST TWENTIETH

God breathes, not speaks; his verdict's felt, not heard.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Only grant that I do serve; if otherwise, why want aught further of me?

SORDELLO

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Why should despair be? Since, distinct above
Man's wickedness and folly, flies the wind
And floats the cloud, free transport for our soul
Out of its fleshly durance dim and low.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

What's the earth
With all its art, verse, music, worth—
Compared with love, found, gained, and kept?

DÎS ALITER VISUM

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Therefore desire joy and thank God for it.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

The best men ever prove the wisest too:
Something instinctive guides them still aright.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

I think the soul can never taste death.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Be love less or more
In the heart of man, he keeps it shut
Or opes it wide, as he pleases, but
Love's sum remains what it was before.

CHRISTMAS EVE

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

There is no trial like the appropriate one
Of leaving little minds their liberty
Of littleness to blunder on through life.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

AUGUST THIRTIETH

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

ABT VOGLER

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

'T is the taught already that profits by teaching.

CHRISTMAS EVE

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This Autumn morning!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

SEPTEMBER SECOND

Belief or unbelief
Bears upon life, determines its whole course,
Begins at its beginning.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

SEPTEMBER THIRD

There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

The thing I pity most in men is — action prompted by surprise of anger.

A FORGIVENESS

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Oh God, who shall pluck the sheep thou holdest from thy hand!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

I feel Love's sure effect, and being loved must love!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work,—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

PIPPA PASSES

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last! What care
Through me or thee?

PARACELSUS

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Autumn has come like Spring returned to us,
Won from her girlishness.

PAULINE

SEPTEMBER TENTH

How soon a smile of God can change the world!
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

IN A BALCONY

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty:
Sought, found and did my duty.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time:
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures:
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

This Autumn was a pleasant time, for some few sunny days.

PARACELSUS

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

And all day I sent prayer like incense up
To God the strong, God the beneficent,
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,
Who for our own good makes the need extreme,
Till at last he puts forth might and saves.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Just see what life is, with its shifts and turns!

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

When Autumn blusters and the orchard rocks.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each
was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag be-
hind!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Night set in early; Autumn dews were rife.

SORDELLO

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

All men are men: I would all minds were minds!
Whereas 'tis just the many's mindless mass
That most needs helping.

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

The world's tide rolls, and
What hope of parting from the press of waves?
My life must be lived out in foam and roar.

SORDELLO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee—
Thee and no other: stand and fall by them,
That is the part for thee.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Love is born of heart, not mind.

PIETRO OF ABANO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Let them pelt and pound, bruise, bray you in a mortar!
What 's the odds to you who seek reward of quite another nature?

PIETRO OF ABANO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Knowledge and power have rights,
But ignorance and weakness have rights too.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The seeming solitary man, speaking from God,
May have an audience too, invisible.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Truth is truth, and justifies itself by undreamed ways.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

You are endowed with faculties which bear
Annexed to them as 't were a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will.

PARACELSUS

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

She was active, stirring, all fire—
Could not rest, could not tire—
To a stone she might have given life!

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

The angels love to do their work betimes,
Staunch some wounds here, nor leave so much for God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE

OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

KEEP but God's model safe,
New men will rise to take its mould.

LURIA

OCTOBER SECOND

How very hard it is to be a Christian!

CHRISTMAS EVE

OCTOBER THIRD

Early in Autumn, at first Winter-warning.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

OCTOBER FOURTH

To make, you must be marred,—
To raise your race, must stoop,—to teach them aught, must learn
Ignorance, meet half-way what most you hope to spurn
I' the sequel.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

OCTOBER FIFTH

But hush! for you, can be no despair:
There 's amends: 't is a secret: hope and pray!

THE WORST OF IT

OCTOBER SIXTH

Weakness never needs be falseness.

LA SAISIAZ

OCTOBER SEVENTH

It 's wiser being good than bad;
It 's safer being meek than fierce;
It 's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

APPARENT FAILURE

OCTOBER EIGHTH

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

OCTOBER NINTH

Autumn wins you best by this its mute appeal to sympathy for its decay.

PARACELSUS

OCTOBER TENTH

Mercy is safe and graceful.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

What 's failure or success to me?
I have subdued my life.

PARACELSUS

OCTOBER TWELFTH

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

A great is better than a little aim.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Flowers' departure, frost's arrival.

LA SAISIAZ

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

In short, God's service is established here
As he determines fit, and not your way,
And this you cannot brook. Such discontent
Is weak. Renounce all creatureship at once!

PARACELSUS

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Days decrease, and Autumn grows, Autumn in everything.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

In his face is light, but in his shadow healing too.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true!

IN A BALCONY

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

Prayers move God. Threats and nothing else move men.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

For Autumn was the season, red the sky.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

PARACELSUS

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

Well, my life reviewed fairly leaves more hope than discouragement.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

I will be happy if but for once:
Only help me, Autumn weather,
Me and my cares to screen, ensconce
In luxury's sofa-lap of leather!

ASOLANDO

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!

PROSPICE

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

One declining Autumn day —
Few birds about the heaven chill and gray,
No wind that cared trouble the tacit woods.

SORDELLO

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Let friend trust friend, and love demand love's like.

LURIA

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Never shall I believe any two souls were made
Similar; granting, then, each soul of every grade
Was meant to be itself, prove in itself complete
And, in completion, good, — nay, best o' the kind.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Honour is a gift of God to man,
Precious beyond compare, which natural sense
Of human rectitude and purity, . . .
Brooks no touch.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

I braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end:
Namely, that just the creature I was bound
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all
God's purpose in creation.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Just so much work as keeps the brain from rust;
Just so much play as lets the heart expand —
Honouring God, and serving man, I say —
These are reality and all else fluff.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

A VIRTUE golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

NOVEMBER SECOND

God is soul, souls I and thou:
With souls should souls have place.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

NOVEMBER THIRD

God is, and the soul is, and as certain after death shall be.

LA SAISIAZ

NOVEMBER FOURTH

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear
Their holding light his charge, when every hour
That finds that charge delayed, is a new death.

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER FIFTH

We all aspire to heaven: and there lies heaven above us.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

NOVEMBER SIXTH

That which seems worst to man to God is best,
So, because God ordains it, best to man.
Yet man — the foolish, weak and wicked — prays!
Urges "My best were better, didst thou know!"

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

The world lies under me: and nowhere I detect
So great a gift as this — God's own — of human life.
Shall the dead praise thee? No! The whole live
world is rife,
God, with thy glory!

DRAMATIC IDYLS

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

NOVEMBER NINTH

Through such souls alone,
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light
For us in the dark to rise by.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TENTH

When is man strong until he feels alone!

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

No! youth once gone is gone:
Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.

SORDELLO

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

The world and life 's too big to pass for a dream.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

Mere decay produces richer life.

SORDELLO

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

At worst I have performed my share of the task:
The rest is God's concern.

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

And then know that this curse will come on us,
To see our idols perish.

PAULINE

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief, 't is clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet.

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Love which, on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it,
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it.
And I shall behold thee face to face,
O God, and in thy light retrace
How in all I loved here, still wast thou!

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

The thing that seems
Mere misery, under human schemes,
Becomes, regarded by the light
Of love, as very near, or quite
As good a gift as joy before.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Calm commonplace which neither missed, nor hit
Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark proposed.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

That Time, who in the twilight comes to mend
All the fantastic day's caprice.

STRAFFORD

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

And pity is so near to love, and love so neighbourly
to all unreasonableness.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

RABBI BEN EZRA

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Oh, faith! where art thou flown from out the world?
Already on what an age of doubt we fall!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Yet God is good: I started sure of that,
And why dispute it now?

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Well, now, there is nothing in the world or out of it good, except truth.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Hadst thou learned
What God accounteth happiness,
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess
What hell may be his punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

Since I, whom Christ's mouth taught, was bidden
teach,
I went, for many years, about the world,
Saying "It was so; so I heard and saw."

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

BUT I have always had one lode-star; now,
As I look back, I see that I have halted
Or hastened as I looked towards that star—
A need, a trust, a yearning after God.

PAULINE

DECEMBER SECOND

Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

RABBI BEN EZRA

DECEMBER THIRD

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

DECEMBER FOURTH

Only grant my soul may carry high through death
her cup unspilled.

LA SAISIAZ

DECEMBER FIFTH

Praise the good log fire; Winter howls without!
Crowd closer let us!

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

DECEMBER SIXTH

So death completes living, shows life in its truth.

APOLLO AND THE FATES

DECEMBER SEVENTH

Nay, after earth, comes peace born out of life-long battle?

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE

DECEMBER EIGHTH

What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

DECEMBER NINTH

What 's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

DECEMBER TENTH

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

DECEMBER TWELFTH

But God, though I am nothing, be thou all!

THE INN ALBUM

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

So, trial after trial past,
Wilt thou fall at the very last
Breathless, half in trance
With the thrill of the great deliverance.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

Let us leave God alone. Why should I doubt he will explain in time?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

The bee with his comb,
The mouse at her dray,
The grub in his tomb,
Wile winter away.

PIPPA PASSES

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Time fleets how fast! and opportunity, the irrevocable, once flown, will flout him.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Let me and you be wipers of scores out with all men.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

Have you no assurance that, earth at end,
Wrong will prove right? Who made shall mend
In higher sphere to which yearnings tend?

REPHAN

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.

THE INN ALBUM

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

No, I have light, nor fear the dark at all.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

I have lived, then, done and suffered,
Loved and hated, learnt and taught.

LA SAISIAZ

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Such save the world which none but they could save,
Yet think whate'er they did, that world could do.

LURIA

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

I never realised God's birth before—
How he grew likest God in being born.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Festive bells—everywhere the Feast of the Babe;
Joy upon earth, peace and good will to man.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Firm like my first fact to stand on "God there is,
and soul there is."

LA SAISIAZ

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.

PROSPICE

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

A certain stage
At least I reach, or dream I reach, where I discern
Truer truths, laws behold more lawlike than we
learn.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

He came but to forgive, and to bring to life:
Doubt ye the force of Christmas on the soul?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall.

PROSPICE

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

But deep within my heart of hearts there hid
Ever the confidence, amends for all,
That heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did,
When love from life-long exile comes at call.

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